

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XV.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.]

New Theatre-Royal, Haymarket.



THE "Little Theatre in the Haymarket" has long been attractive to the lovers of the drama, who, while they had to lament its degradation on every other stage, found it hold its legitimate sway here. Even when the Haymarket Theatre, compared with its rivals in splendour and convenience, was a mere barn, it obtained audiences by the judicious manner in which it was conducted. Here were no pantomimes, melo-dramas, or spectacles, in which horses were the principal attraction; but there was legitimate tragedy, comedy, and farce, and a species of play peculiar to this theatre—three-act comedies—which combined the merits of comedy and farce.

The Haymarket Theatre was originally erected on the sole speculation of a carpenter or builder of the name of

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Potter, in 1720; who, being without patent or licence, opened with a company of young amateur performers, who had acted with some applause at a tavern in St. Alban's-street. Potter's object, however, was to let the house to the "French players," as the Parisian dancers and Italian singers were then called. The opening of the House was thus announced in a daily paper of the 15th of December, 1720:

"At the New Theatre in the Haymarket (between Little Suffolk-street and James-street), which is now completely finished, will be acted French comedies, as soon as the rest of the actors arrive from Paris, who are daily expected."

The House opened on the 29th of December, 1720, with a new comedy, entitled, "La Fille à la mode: ou, le

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Badaude de Paris." The pit and boxes were the same price, and the tickets five shillings. It was not until three years afterwards that the House was occupied by an English company.

In 1726, a company of Italian comedians commenced performing by subscription, who, as the season advanced, had the accession of Signora Violante, with rope-dancers and tumblers. The popularity of the latter entertainment is shown in the following verses from a "Rarce Show" ballad, introduced in the Rape of Proserpine.

"Here be de Haymarket vere de Italian
Opera sweetly sound.

Dat costa de brave gentry no, more as
Two hundred tousand pound;

A very pretty fancy, a brave gallante
show,

E juste come from France *tout nouveau*.

"Here be de famous comedians of the
world,

De troupe Italian,

Dat make a de poor English veepe,
Because de vill troupe home again.

A very, &c.

"De toder place be Mademoiselle
Violante

Shew a tousand trick;
She jump upon de rope ten stories high,
And never break her neck.

A very," &c.

The Theatre afterwards was open for the English drama, and here Joe Miller and other revolvers from Drury-lane Theatre performed in 1733. It was, however, frequently occupied by French comedians, and by exhibitions of various kinds, including Foote's Matthews's-like entertainments.

For many years, however, the Haymarket has been confined to the legitimate drama, and to parody a line of Shakspeare's, it has not only exhibited a fine display of histrionic talent in itself, but been the cause of it in others, having been the nursery of talent, and introduced to the public many of our best performers, including Matthews, Young, and Liston.

In 1821, the old Theatre was pulled down, and the present elegant structure erected, of which our engraving presents a correct view. This Theatre, which was built with singular rapidity, is of a very convenient size, quite large enough for representing any regular play, and not so large as to prevent your seeing or hearing it. It is certainly larger than the old theatre, but there is scarcely a seat in the whole house, boxes, pit, or gallery, where

the actors cannot be seen and heard distinctly. To facilitate the latter a sounding-board was constructed, which projected over the orchestra, and disfigured that part of the house; but it has since been removed.

On the ceiling is an allegorical representation of Morning attended by Zephyr, appearing in the horizon; while in the opposite quarter Cynthia is seen retiring from the presence of Apollo. The ornaments which encircle the design are composed of four groups of Cupids, bearing emblematical trophies of the different seasons. On the proscenium are various figures and embellishments, correspondent with those upon the ceiling.

The new drop-scene represents, on the left hand of the audience, the entrance of a temple of the Composite Order, richly ornamented with basso relievos, and dedicated to Apollo. The statues of Thalia and Melpomene surmount the principal entrance. On the right hand is an altar dedicated to Beauty, and flowers and various ornaments, allusive to the costumes of the Bacchantes, are introduced. The era of the new building, as well as of the new reign, are alluded to by the Temple of the Muses, illuminated by the rising sun.

In point of architectural beauty, the Haymarket Theatre is the most elegant in London; and indeed that is not saying much in its favour, for they are very clumsy buildings; it has, however, a particular degree of neatness about it that renders it an elegant termination to Charles-street, Saint James's-square, which it immediately faces; and it is one of the very few public buildings in London of which an Englishman need not feel ashamed.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

FEBRUARY THE 14TH.

As this eventful period for all young lovers will be passed before our next Mirror can well appear, we shall give our readers an interesting account of Valentine's Day.

St. Valentine was a Presbyter of the Church, who was beheaded in the time of Claudius the Emperor, but there is no occurrence in the legendary life of this Saint, in the slightest degree connected with the customs which have long been observed on this day; though Wheatley, in his illustrations of the Common Prayer, informs us, that he "was a man of most admirable parts,"

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and so famous for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing valentines upon his festival (which is still practised) took its rise from thence."

It is a very general custom, of doubtful origin, but of great antiquity, for young people to draw lots on the eve of Valentine's Day: the names of a select number of one sex are, by an equal number of the other, put into some vessel, out of which each person draws one, which is called their valentine, and is looked upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards.

This custom of choosing valentines was a sport practised in the houses of the gentry of England, as early as the year 1476; and John Lydgate, the Monk, of Bury, alludes to it in a poem written by him in praise of Queen Catherine.

In Dudley Lord North's Forest of Varieties, in a letter to his brother, he says, "A lady of wit and qualitie, whom you well know, would never put herself to the chance of a valentine, saying that she would never couple herself but by choyce. The custom and charge of valentines is not ill left with many other such costly and idle customs, which, by a tacit general consent, we lay down as obsolete."

The "charge" and "costly custom" here mentioned, most probably refers to the making of presents on this day, which the learned Morison tells us was frequent.

The custom of drawing 'or valentines is still observed in the northern counties of England, where also the first women seen by a man, or man seen by a woman, on St. Valentine's day, is marked for their valentine for the ensuing year.

The rural tradition that, on this day, every bird chooses its mate, is alluded to by Chaucer and numerous other writers.

Shakespeare, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, says—

"—St. Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now."

And Herrick, in his *Hesperides*, has the following:—

"To his Valentine, on St. Valentine's Day."

"Oft have I heard both youth and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple too,
this day;

But, by their flight I never can divine,
When I shall couple with my valentine."

But the prettiest allusion to this tradition, is in the following elegant *jeu d'esprit*:

TO DORINDA, ON VALENTINE'S DAY

"Look how, my dear, the feather'd kind,

By mutual caresses joyn'd,
Bill, and seem to teach us two,
What we to love and custom owe.
Shall only you and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?

This day an age of bliss may give.
But ah! when I the proffer make,
Still coyly you refuse to take;
My heart I dedicate in vain,
The too mean present you disdain.
Yet since the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows,
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be yours by any name."

Misson, in his *Travels in England*.

says:

"On the Eve of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's Day, a time when all living nature inclines to couple, the young folks, in England and Scotland too, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival that tends to the same end. An equal number of maids and batchelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls her's. By this means, each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him, than to the valentine to whom he is fallen."

There is another kind of valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day.

Gay has left us a poetical description of some rural ceremonies used on the morning of this day in his time:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind

Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,

I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;

A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do),

There first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true love be."

And in the *Commeisieur*, we have an account of a curious species of divination practised on St. Valentine's day.

The customs of St. Valentine's day, seem at present confined to that of young people sending complimentary or satirical letters to their acquaintance, sometimes accompanied with a caricature engraving; and to such an extent is this custom carried, that in London alone, the increase of two-penny post letters on St. Valentine's day, in 1821, exceeded two hundred thousand.

We shall conclude the subject with the following poetical article sent us by a correspondent:—

MY VALENTINE.

Mark'd you her eyes' resistless glance
That does th' enraptur'd soul entrance?
Mark'd you that dark blue orb unfold
Volumes of bliss as yet untold?
And felt you not as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you her neck that blooms and glows,
A living emblem of the rose?
Mark'd you her vernal lip that breathes
The balmy fragrance of its leaves?
And felt you not as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you her artless smiles that speak
The language, written on her cheek?
Where bright as morn and pure as dew
The bosom's thoughts arise to view?
And felt you not as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you her face, and did not there
Sense, softness, sweetness—all appear?
Mark'd you her form, and saw not you
A heart and mind as lovely too?
And felt you not as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you all this—and you have known
The treasur'd raptures that I own.
Mark'd you all this, and you, like me,
Have wandered oft, her shade to see,
For you have felt, as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal.

THE HUNTER'S SOLILOQUY.

A PARODY.

To hunt, or not to hunt? that is the question—
Whether 'tis prudent in the soul, to suffer
The pangs of self-denial, or to urge
With enthusiastic rage and bold defiance
The rapid chase?—To hunt—to ride—

No more; and by that ride to say we fly
From thought, that canker-worm to gay desires,

From cares that feed upon the lamp of life.

'Tis a fruition devoutly to be wished.
To hunt—to ride—to ride? perchance to fall;

Ay, there's the rub—
For in the mad pursuit what falls may come,

When ev'ry bound each hardy sinew strains,

And ev'ry breeze conveys enrapt'ring sounds,

Must give us pause?—There's the respect,

That gives the fatal blow to promis'd joys,

That taints with baleful light each blooming hope.

Who would forego this madness of delight;

Who without pain could bear a chase describ'd.

Or silent sit while others boast their feats,

When he himself might mount the neighing steed.

And urge the sprightly chase? Beneath a roof

Who would wear out the tedious, doleful day,

Oppress'd with discontent and dire remorse?

But that the dread of fall precipitate,
That unknown field, where, destitute of aid,

With shiver'd limb he haply may repent

His forward zeal and fury uncontroll'd

Puzzles the will; and makes us rather pine

In humble cell, than seek for distant joys,

Where pain and death th' advent'rous hunter wait.

But hark—

The hunter's notes, on Zephyr's pinion borne.

Assail my ears—

Already Phœbus gilds the mountain top.

Great Phœbus, patron of the hunting crew,

Propitious smile, and vanish ev'ry doubt!

CHARING CROSS.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—The supposition (in a late No. of the Mirror) that Charing Cross derives its name from the word to share

or divide, is, I believe, erroneous: for in Stow's History of London, we find on the present site of that place, there was formerly a village called Charing, and in all probability a Cross was erected there, in memory of its being a resting place for the funeral procession of Edward the First's Queen, on the road to the place of her interment, that has been destroyed by time. There are still some of these Crosses (generally called Queen's Crosses) remaining in different parts of the country, and there is a particularly fine one near Northampton. Should this short description prove correct, it is evident that *Charing Cross* still retains its original name.

Yours, &c.

W.

CHEAP TIMES.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—Accounts from time to time are admitted into the periodical publications of the day, containing statements of the *cheapness* of "the olden time," but it is for the present century to surpass all that have preceded it. In this respect THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE is "the landmark of its time:" and through its medium I beg leave to communicate the particulars of the following notable wager: A gentleman betted fifty guineas, that without any previous concert, he would be conveyed 200 miles, eat and drink on the road, sup and sleep at a good hotel, all for less than 1*l.* sterling; which was accomplished thus:

Fare from London to Birmingham, through Henley, Oxford, Banbury, &c. 127 miles	s. d.
Breakfast, a roll and milk and water	10 6
Dinner, bread, cheese, and ale.....	0 3
Supper, at the Swan, Birmingham, poached eggs, toast, ale, and waiter	0 4
Bed and chambermaid	1 6
Fare to Sheffield, 73 miles .	2 6
Eating as in the former day .	4 0
	0 7

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Now, Sir, if this be the year of distress, let the grumblers paint an inch thick, "to this complexion we are come at last." Your constant Reader,

CAP SMITH.

All the subscribers to our Hunt take in THE MIRROR; indeed we could not have existed without it this hard weather.

Melton Mowbray, 16th Jan. 1833.

A PUNNING EPISTLE.

The following Punning Epistle was sent with a present of a hare—not to the Editor.

Dear Sir,—A perfect *stranger* to me dropt in here this morning, and I find on inquiry into his merits, that though they are to the *taste* of some people, he will be to me a mere burden, therefore I send him to you in a fable written about him, for he has been celebrated both in prose and verse. I learn that he has, like myself, had *many friends*, and that they have, as we say, *worried him to death*. You may do what you please with him, he'll bear *roasting*, and you may even *cut and baste* him, without exciting the least ill-humour on his part. Although he never owed any person a shilling, yet no one that I know has been so *haunted* by mankind, which though *game* to the back bone, used to alarm him exceedingly; but he has conquered that weakness and timidity, and is now perfectly indifferent about it; as a proof how much stouter his nerves are at present, you may attack him, stab him, take his *coat off his back*, and *sell it* before his face, without stirring in him the feeling of fear, either for his property or himself. I fancy such a poor creature will get completely *dished* at your house, still he is not, whatever you may imagine, without brains; and this I will say, that the more you can get of them, the more you will resemble me. He is, indeed, a *hare-brained* fellow, yet you may keep his company some time before you will perceive him to be *lively*; but I believe you will like him better in his present quiet state, for to tell you the truth, when he does get a *wagget* in his head, he is to my way of thinking very offensive. His *ears too* are certainly *long*, but you may say what you like before him, for he was never known to blab half so much as those who have *shorter*. I beg that you will, when he is *well-dressed*, introduce him to the most familiar acquaintance of Mrs. *** , and merely a few select friends, for being of tender years, he is not capable of affording much *entertainment* to a large company: the maxim is "the more the merrier, the less the better cheer." He only sticks to the latter part, and it will be better for you if you also attend to it. He is a perfect child in *one respect*. I am ashamed to mention it, but he is particularly *agreeable* where there is plenty of *currant jelly*. I will not, however, pretend to dictate the measure of civility which your *amiable disposition* and

esteem for my recommendation may incline you to show him. Sure I am, that your good-nature will, for his own, as a *well-bred* stranger, if not, for my sake, give him a *warm* reception—*stuff* him well—and, as it were, *devour* him with kindness.

LITERARY MORTALITY.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir—I shall be obliged by your inserting in the useful and instructive publication called *THE MIRROR*, the following literary bill of mortality for the year 1822, which I hope will not be unacceptable to some of your readers, who must, like myself, have been astonished at the number of literary births daily advertised in the public papers, and would naturally ask where they are gone. Yours, &c.

BIBLIOPOLOPHILOS.

Casualties among Books.

Abortive	3205
Still-born	7182
Old age	3003
Suddenly	500
Lethargy	763
Found dead	940
Burned	1700
Sacrificed in nameless ways	150,000
Pressed to death	1805
Trunk-makers	1500
Pastry-cooks	5000
Cheesemongers	3200
Skyrockets	1250
Lollypops	30,000

The mortality within these few years has increased to such an alarming degree, that there are very few books still alive, and they are, for the most part, in a very dangerous state, and will ere long, very probably, share a fate similar to that of some of the above.

Casualties among Authors.

Broken bones	15
Starved to death	362
Mortification	205
Canker	52
Demoniac phrensy	16
Moping melancholy	71
Falls from garret-windows	35
Surfeit	440
Moon-struck madness	173
*Remaining in the several lunatic asylums in the metropolis and vicinity	562

* These may be considered as dead to all intents and purposes.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

KOSCIUSKO, THE POLISH PATRIOT.

A sacred grief sublime and bright
Descends o'er Kosciusko's bier :
It mourns not that his soul of light,
No more confin'd in mortal night,
Has sought its native sphere ;
The hallow'd tear that glistens there
By purest loftiest feelings given,
Flows more from triumph than despair,
And falls like dew from heaven !
Thus oft around the setting sun
Soft showers attend his parting ray,
And sinking now his journey done,
His matchless course to evening run—
They weep his closing day.
Who hath not watch'd his light decline,
Till sad, yet holy feelings rise ?
Although he sets again to shine,
More glorious, in more cloudless
skies.

As proudly shone thy evening ray,
As in that contest bright and brief,
When patriots hail'd thy noontide day,
And own'd thee as their chief !
Thou wert the radiant morning star,
Which bright to hapless Poland rose,
The leader of her patriot war,
The sharer of her woes !

What, though no earthly triumphs grace
The spot where thou hast ta'en thy
sleep ;

Yet Glory points thy resting-place,
And thither Freedom turns to weep.
The pompous arch, the column's boast,
Though rich with all the sculptor's
art,

Shall soon in time's dark sweep be lost ;
But thou survivest in the heart,
And bright thy dwelling still shall be
Within the page of Liberty.

And o'er the turf where sleeps the
brave

Such sweet and holy drops are shed—
Who would not fill a Patriot's grave,
To share them with the dead ?
The laurel, and the oaken bough,
Above the meaner great may bloom,
And trophies due to Freedom's brow
May shade Oppression's tomb ;—
But Glory's smile hath shed on thee
The light of immortality !

DINNER COMPANY TO LET.

A CARD.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer respectfully invite the attention of the dinner-giving department of the metropolis, to the following candid statement of facts.
It happens in London, every day,

that gentlemen mount to sudden wealth by Spanish bonds, fluctuations of English stock, death of distant relations, and what not. When this event occurs, a carriage is bespoken, the ladies go to the Soho Bazaar, the father takes a house in Baker-street or Connaught-place, and the sons get blackballed at all the new clubs in the environs of the Haymarket. Yet still something is wanting. Like the Greek or Persian king (Messrs. Clack and Caterer will not be precise as to the nation), who pined to death in the midst of plenty, gentlemen thus jumping into high-life, from the abysses of Lower Thames-street and St. Mary Axe, lament the lack of good dinner company. If they rely upon coffee-house society, their silver spoons are in jeopardy; and if they invite their own relations, they are ruined; nobody will come twice to such society. An uncle with an unpowdered pigtail, who prates of pepper and pimento: an aunt in a brown silk gown, who drinks every body's health; a son from Stockwell, who is silent when he ought to talk, accompanied by a wife, who talks when she ought to be silent, compose a species of society which may do very well at Kensington or Camden-town, but which Messrs. Clack and Caterer, confidently predict, can never take root west of Temple-bar. The consequence is, that gentlemen thus circumstanced must "cut" their own relations, or nobody else will "come again." Singers may be hired at so much a-head: every body knows to an odd sixpence the price of "Non nobis Domine," "Hail, Star of Brunswick," "Glorious Apollo," and "Scots wha ha." Good set speakers for charity dinners may also be obtained, by inquiry at the bar of the tavern. These latter go through the routine of duty with a vast deal of decorum. They call the attention of the company in a particular manner to the present charity, leaving a blank for its name. They ascribe half of its success to the worthy treasurer, and the other half to the noble chairman, whose health they conclude with proposing, with three times three: and the accuracy of their ear enables them to cry "hip, hip, hip," nine times, interlarded at the third and sixth close with a hurrah! aided by a sharp yell which Messrs. Clack and Caterer have never been able to distinguish from the yelp of a trodden lapdog. All this is very well in its way, and it is not the wish of the advertisers to disparage such doings. Far from it; "live and

let live" is their maxim. Many gentlemen by practice qualify themselves for public speakers; but good private-dinner company is still a desideratum.

Impressed with this truth, Messrs. Clack and Caterer, at a considerable expense, have provided, at their manufactory in Leicester-square, a choice assortment of good diners-out, of various prices, who, in clean white waistcoats, and at the shortest notice, will attend to enliven any dull gentleman's dull dinner-table. Messrs. Clack and Caterer are possessed of three silver-toned young barristers who have their way to make in Lincoln's Inn. These gentlemen respectively and anxiously inquire after the health of any married lady's little Charlotte; ask when she last heard from Hastings; think they never saw curtains better hung in the whole course of their lives; tenderly caress the poodle that occupies the hearth-rug; and should its front teeth meet in their forefinger, will, for an additional trifle, exclaim, "Pretty little fellow! I don't wonder he's such a favourite." Messrs. Clack and Caterer are also provided with two unbeneficed clergymen, who have guaranteed a short grace, and undertake not to eat of the second course. These gentlemen tell a choice collection of good jokes, with a rigid abstinence from Joe Miller. They have various common-places at hand, which they can throw in when conversation flags. The one of them remarks that London begins to look dull in September, and that Waterloo-place is a great improvement; and the other observes, that Elliston has much beautified Drury-lane, and that Kean's voice is apt to fail him in the fifth act. This kind of talk is not brilliant, but it wears well, and never provokes animosity.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg also to acquaint the nobility and gentry, that they have laid in a couple of quadrillers and three pair of parasites; who take children upon their knees in spite of tamarinds and Guava jelly; cut turbot into choice parallelograms; pat plain children on the head, and assure their mamma that their hair is not red but auburn; never meddle with the two long-necked bottles on the table; address half of their conversation to the lady of the house, and the other half to any deaf gentleman on the other side, who tilts his ear in the hollow of his hand. Should either of these personages be so far forgetful of his duty as to contradict a county member, introduce agricultural distress, or prove

the cause of the present low prices; wonder what happened at Verona, of who wrote the Scotch novels; gentlemen are requested to write "bore" upon his back with a piece of chalk (which the butler had better be provided with), and then to return the offender to the advertisers, when the money will be paid back, deducting coach-hire. Cheap goods rarely turn out well. Some dinner-giving gentlemen have hired diners-out at an inferior price; and what was lately the consequence at a Baronet's in Portland-place? A Birmingham article of this sort entered the drawing-room with a hackney straw adhering to one stocking, and a pedicular ladder ascending the other. He drank twice of champagne; called for beer; had never heard that the opera opened without Angrisani; wondered why Miss Paton and Braham did not sing together (forgetting that all Great Russell-street and a part of the Piazza yawned between them); spilt red wine on the table-cloth, and tried to rectify the error by a smear of salt and Madeira; left the fish-cruet as bare as the pitchers of the Belides; and committed various other errors which Messrs. Clack and Caterer scorn to enumerate. All this proceeds from not going to the best shops and paying accordingly.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg likewise to acquaint a liberal and candid public, that they have an unexceptionable assortment of three-day visitors, who go by the stage to villas from Saturday to Monday. These out-of-townners know all about Webb Hall and the drill-plough: take a hand at whist; never beat their host at billiards; have no objection to go to church; and are ready to look at improvements on being provided with thick shoes. If up hill, or through a copse of the party's own planting, a small additional sum will be required.—For further particulars inquire at the warehouse in Leicester-square. If Messrs. Clack and Caterer give satisfaction, it is all they require; money is no object. Letters, post-paid, will be duly attended to.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN BORNEO.

The following is an account of the marriage and funeral ceremonies peculiar to the Dayaks, a tribe of independent savages, who inhabit the country to the westward of the Banjermassin river, in Borneo.

Marriage Ceremonies.—The celebration of marriage is very simple, it being performed in one day. The bride and bridegroom are placed each on a gong, with their faces towards the rising sun. The parents of the parties then besprinkle them with the blood of some animal; a buffalo, pig, or even a fowl: cold water is also sprinkled over them. Being next presented with a cup of arrack, they mutually pour half into each others cup, take a draught, and exchange cups. The married couple afterwards withdraw to the house of the bride's parents, where a feast is prepared: but no such revelling takes place as in the case of the funeral ceremonies.

Funeral Ceremonies.—The manner in which the funeral ceremonies are celebrated vary according as the deceased is wealthy or otherwise.

When a poor man dies, whose family or relations have not the means of incurring much expense on the occasion, the body is put into a kind of coffin, and this being placed upon four posts, at the distance of two or three feet from the ground, it is enclosed with a small railing, and defended from the weather by a covering of leaves. The coffin is generally made of the piece of a trunk of a tree called plantang, which is scooped out like a trough; and when the body is deposited, the coffin and the top to it are well cemented with dammar. The friends or neighbours, who assist in the work, are then invited to partake of whatever food, &c. the relatives can afford to provide. If the deceased was possessed of considerable property, on the occasion of the body's being put into the coffin, muskets, &c. are fired, and the coffin itself is formed with more care, and ornamented with carved work, being in the same manner placed upon posts; but these are raised within side the house, passing through the floor, which is itself raised upon the posts about five or six feet from the ground. In the bottom of the coffin there is a hole, into which is introduced a hollow bamboo, the end of which is fixed into the mouth of a jar placed underneath, and as the body dissolves, it passes through the bamboo down into the jar. To prevent the effluvia escaping, not only the top and body of the coffin are well cemented with dammar, but also the mouth of the jar and the aperture in the coffin, into which the opposite ends of the bamboo are fixed.

Nothing further is done till the relations of the deceased are prepared to

celebrate the future ceremonies, which do not take place till one or more persons, destined to be the slaves of the departed in the next world, are procured. If no delay occurs in getting them, or in making the necessary preparations for the feast that is to take place, it is necessary to wait till the bones only of the body are left in the coffin, but otherwise years may elapse before the ceremony and feast take place. All being ready, and the day fixed for the grand celebration, the coffin is buried, and the bones being taken out, are collected and carefully disposed in a strong wooden box, of sufficient dimensions to contain them. The destined slaves, who are either unfortunate captives, or, if such cannot be obtained, persons purchased for the purpose, are then brought forward, and during the seven days and nights of feasting which take place, and to which all the people are invited, the relations and friends of the deceased continue to dance round them, giving them to eat and drink, and treating them kindly. These unhappy victims are afterwards fixed in the earth up to their middle, opposite to the box containing the bones of the deceased. The children of the deceased then coolly and ceremoniously spear them, one after the other, according to seniority, after which the other persons present join in putting an end to their existence. The heads of the victims are then cut off by the children of the deceased, and the skulls being stripped of the flesh, &c., are perfumed and attached to the outside of the box containing the bones of the deceased.

This box is then placed in a kind of small house or shed, built on the top of a post about the height of a cocoa-nut tree. It is usual to erect this post at the spot where the deceased was born, however far that may be from where he died. The children or relations of the deceased consider that they owe this duty to their late parent or relative, and do not further concern themselves about the fate of the relics, but leave them to be carried away or blown down by the wind.

The expense attending a festival of this kind is very considerable, amounting often to five hundred dollars. As many as ten buffaloes and twenty hogs are sacrificed as offerings to the deceased, and afterwards eaten by the party. A kind of toddy extracted from rice is drunk to great excess, and much revelling prevails, amidst the maddening din of gongs and tomtoms, which

are beaten incessantly. If the bones of the deceased require to be conveyed to a distance, they are attended by a great procession and concourse of people. In all this parade and show there is a great deal of ostentation, the promoters of it being desirous of convincing the people that they are the children of rich and great persons. If a Dayak dies in a distant country, his body is buried, that his bones may be easily obtained to be conveyed to his home, for the purpose of having the funeral rites performed.

Asiatic Journal.

PETER FINDARICS ;

Or, Joe Miller Versified.

No. I.

A PRECISE TAILOR.

A Tailor, thought a man of upright dealing,
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing—

Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,

And on the sudden was in wondrous trance ;

The fiends of H-ll, must'ring in fearful manner,

Of sundry coloured silks, displayed a banner,

Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,

That he might find it all one day in h-ll.

The man affrighted by this apparition,

Upon recovery grew a great precisian ;

He bought a Bible of the best translation,

And in his life he showed great reformation ;

He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,

He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly ;

He vowed to shun all company unruly,

And in his speech he used no oath ; but truly

And zealously to keep the sabbath's rest,

His meat for that day on the eve was drest ;

And, lest the custom which he had to steal

Might cause him some day to forget his zeal,

He gives his journeyman especial charge,

That if the stuff, allowance being large,

He found his fingers were to filch inclined,

Bid him to have the banner in his mind.

This done (I scarce can tell the rest for laughter),

A captain of a ship came three days after,

And brought three yards of velvet and three quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slept aside three quarters of the stuff;
His man espying it, said in derision,
"Master, remember how you saw the vision!"
"Peace, knave!" quoth he, "I did not see one rag
Of such a coloured stuff in all the flag."
J. H.

The Nobelist.

No. XIII.

THE CRUEL FATHER.

Felicia was the only daughter of Don Garcia, who was the last male of that celebrated family. Her mother died before she was two years old; and her father, until she came to years of discretion, treated her with the utmost tenderness, on account of the death of her mother, that he might be able, as much as lay in his power, to alleviate her loss, by his paternal endearments.

When she arrived at the age of seventeen, she was admired by all who saw her, on account of her great beauty, wit, and many other accomplishments; while all the young noblemen in Spain solicited the honour of her hand.—Among all her suitors, she was most charmed by the behaviour of her favourite Don Alonzo; and many happy hours did these two lovers enjoy in the company of each other.

Unluckily for the lovers, it so happened that the father of Don Alonzo and Don Garcia, (who were before this time upon the most friendly terms), met together at a friend's house, where a trivial dispute arose, but which at length was carried to such a pitch, that they both parted with mutual enmity, each declaring that their children should not be joined in marriage to the opposite party.

As soon as Don Garcia arrived at his own house, he strictly charged his daughter, as she valued her father's honour, no longer to listen to the addresses of her lover: the father of Alonzo also gave him the same charge.

Don Garcia, fearing lest Felicia might be carried away from his house by the stratagems of Alonzo, eagerly pressed her to give her hand to Don Sancho, another lover of her's, whom she de-

tested on account of his many vices; as the only reason her father had for wishing her to be married to him was, that he was of the noblest family of all her other suitors, without considering the difference of dispositions between Don Sancho and his daughter.

Felicia, in vain, urged to her father her hatred of him; he was resolute in his determination, and insisted that she should give her hand in less than a fortnight. She however, (determined within herself never to marry him), sought as much as possible to acquaint her lover Alonzo, with her unhappy destiny, and, by means of a faithful servant, she at length accomplished her purpose.

When Alonzo read the letter, he was like a person distracted; he threw himself upon a couch, and gave up all his soul to despair; at length, when reason got the upper hand, he considered by what means he might be able to assist her. After much thought, he resolved to challenge Don Sancho that day. In the dusk of the evening, he put on his sword and sallied out in quest of his rival, whom he found, and after a few words between them, each drew his sword, when Don Sancho made a thrust and ran Alonzo through the body.

The news was immediately spread abroad that Don Alonzo was slain; which at last reached the ears of Felicia. As soon as she heard it, she ran out of the house into the garden, and threw herself into the river, which flowed by the side of it. She was seen by some fishermen, who came to her assistance immediately, but it was too late—she was found dead, and in that situation she was carried home to her father, who repented, too late, of his cruelty, which had brought his daughter to such a miserable end.

Miscellanies.

BEGGARS IN IRELAND, IN 1822.

I attempted, says Mr. Reid, in his Travels, to count the number of beggars I met to-day, as I had sometimes done in Ulster; but I found it impossible, they were so excessively frequent.—Near Naas I met two miserable-looking women, accompanied by seventeen children. Queen's County abounds in bog, some of which lies low, and appears marshy for want of a way to discharge the rain water. The crops of corn and potatoes look well; the peasantry appear badly supplied with the

necessaries of life, and every place swarms with beggars, who solicit charity in a manner different from those in the North, where a woful countenance is always presented, and some dire misfortune usually related. but here the application is often made with a smile, and followed by a facetious story, or mirth-moving display of spontaneous wit.

To an elderly man who accosted me in this strain, I remarked, "You must have a light heart, notwithstanding your distress;" to which he replied, "Yes, Sir, I have a light heart, and the world for a *pretty* garden," at the same time slapping his hand against his thigh, which flung aside the skirt of his thread-bare mantle. This man happened to have a biscuit, which I had given him, still in his hand; looking wistfully at me, he asked for another; "it is for a sick man," said he, "who wants it more than I do." Not having the means of complying with his request, "then," said he, chuckling with a sense of internal pleasure, "*Phil Corrigan* must get this, for I got my supper last night, and he got neither dinner nor supper." Saying this, he went over to the road side, where a very miserable man was sitting, and seating himself down by him, forced him to eat it, at the same time cheering the poor creature's spirits with some lively remarks upon the ragged group around them.

Towards Gort, the road and country improve a little, and continue to do so nearly three miles north of that little town; then they grow worse again, and for eight or nine miles the country is wholly unproductive—an acre of it would scarcely feed a goose. I never saw so complete a picture of desolation; the eye wanders over an immense tract of country, in which neither tree, nor shrub, nor vegetable of any sort, is discernible. Fuel too is wanting: and yet there are cabins scattered over it, around which a scanty verdure, produced by extreme art, is an exception to the general barrenness, and swarms of children, the dressing or undressing of whom gives their mothers no trouble whatever.

In the course of the journey I alighted, and went into several cabins, which are almost as destitute of furniture as the children are of clothing. In one I found eight persons; a man, two women and five children, all, except two of the latter, labouring under fever. Each of these two had a raw potatoe in its hand, but there was no fire to cook them, nor

was there a creature that could give another a cup of water; there was not so much as a cup of water in the house. Four lay in one corner, with nothing between them and the clay floor but a few old rushes, and no covering whatever but the ragged garments they wore. The other two lay in the opposite corner, on a similar bed, with a thing over them that had once been a blanket, and was now absolutely moving with vermin. Gracious Heaven! what will become of this afflicted family? The only cooking utensils in the place were two iron pots, and an old tin saucepan. I desired my driver to fill them all with water from a pool close by, but he refused to touch any of them, lest he should catch the fever.—I was glad to learn that this iron-hearted calculator was not born in Ireland or Britain! A poor stocking-man came up before I went away, who consented to attend them one day, and most cheerfully went off to a huckster's, to procure a scanty supply of the necessaries of life. In another cabin into which I went, there were two persons sick, one with fever, the other, consumption.

JOHN SPRIGGS.

Run away from his wife and helpless family, on Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged thirty-five, a wide mouth, zig-zag teeth, a nose of high-bursed brick blue with a lofty bridge, swivel-eyed, and a scar (not an honourable one) on his left cheek. He primes and loads (*i. e.* takes snuff and tobacco; he is so loquacious, that he tires every one in company but himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner and the saint, he carries a *pack of cards* in one pocket, and the *Practice of Piety* in the other: he is a great liar, and can varnish a falsehood with a great deal of art. Had on when he went away a three-cocked hat, which probably he has since changed to a round one, with a blue-body coat, rather on the fade. He was seen in Bennington on Saturday last disguised in a clean shirt. N. B. It is supposed that he did not go off without a companion, as he is a great favourite with the fair sex. For the mere sake of bringing such a runagate to justice, a reward of three dollars will be paid for his apprehension by applying to any magistrate in the state any day before the 1st of August next.—*Vermont (United States) Journal.*

THE FRIENDLY HEROES, A NORTHERN TRADITION.

Asulthus and Asmundus were heroes and companions in arms. They had fought and conquered together during many years, and their friendship was spoken of as a pattern to the warriors of the North. At length the one, after a desperate conflict, was slain in battle. The survivor, after causing a spacious vault to be constructed for his friend's body, and after having seen his arms, his horse, and his favourite dog, (as was the mode of the times), placed within his reach, besides a large store of provisions, entered the cavern, armed as he was, and in consequence of a mutual vow which had passed between them, insisted on being closed up with his deceased comrade. The orders of such a man were not to be disputed. The soldiers walled up the entrance of the vault, heaped over the whole the usual mound of earth, and departed, lamenting the loss of two such leaders. It chanced that a century afterwards, Eric, a Swedish prince, marching with his army near the scene of this awful event, was incited by the hopes of finding some vast treasure, to violate this asylum of the dead. His pioneers instantly levelled the hillock, and the arch of the vault soon gave way, when instead of the solemn stillness of a tomb, the ghastly figure of the surviving hero rushed forth, all covered with blood, and deprived of half his visage. The tale he told to the Norwegian, was as frightful as his own appearance. "As soon," he said, "as the tomb was closed, a hungry and cruel spirit had taken possession of the body of his slaughtered friend, and had, without ceasing a moment, employed all the force and arms of the deceased, in order to conquer the buried survivor. He added, that the spectre had so far prevailed, as to have feasted on the horse, the dog, and half the face of the wretched narrator; but that he had at length, by the exertion of his old prowess, overpowered the spectre, and beheaded and buried the possessed carcass."

THE BRAHMINS.

The following is the invocation of the Brahmins to the elements at their funeral solemnities:—

O EARTH! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed; by thee he was sustained; and unto thee he now returns!

O FIRE! thou hadst a claim in our brother; during his life he subsisted

by thy influence in nature; to thee we commit his body: thou emblem of purity, may his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence!

O AIR! while the breath of life continued, our brother breathed by thee; his last breath is now departed; to thee we yield him!

O WATER! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; thou wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed; receive thy share of him, who has now taken an everlasting flight!

MATHEWS AT CARLTON HOUSE.

Previous to Mathews leaving this country for America, he exhibited a selection from his popular entertainments, by command of his Majesty, at Carlton Palace. A select party, of not more than six or eight persons, were present, including the Princess Augusta, and the Marchioness of Conyngham. During the entertainment, (with which the King appeared much delighted), Mathews introduced his imitations of various performers on the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble in the Stranger, when he was interrupted by the King, who, in the most affable manner, observed that his general imitations were excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters could fail to recognise; but he thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble somewhat too boisterous! he is an old friend, and I might add, tutor of mine, observed his Majesty; when I was Prince of Wales, he often favoured me with his company. I will give you an imitation of John Kemble, said the good-humoured Monarch.—May I request your attention, said the King to his attendants, peers and lords, who stood near the sofa, on which he and the ladies were seated. Mathews was electrified. The lords of the bed-chamber eyed each other with surprise. The King rose and prefaced his imitations, by observing, I once requested John Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me, and for this purpose, placed my box on the table before him, saying, "Kemble, oblige (oblige) me by taking a pinch of snuff." He took a pinch, and then addressed me thus:—(Here his Majesty assumed the peculiar carriage of Mr. Kemble) "I thank your Royal Highness for your snuff, but, in future, do extend your Royal Jaws a little wider, and say, OBLIGE." The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor's voice and

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manners, and had an astonishing effect on the party present. It is a circumstance equally worthy of the king and the scholar. Matthews at the conclusion, requested permission to offer an original anecdote of Kemble, which had some affinity to the foregoing. Kemble had been for many years the intimate friend of the Earl of Aberdeen; on one occasion he had called on that nobleman during his morning ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the carriage at the door. John and the noble Earl were closely engaged on some literary subject a very long time, while Mrs. K. was shivering in the carriage at the door (it being very cold weather); at length her patience being exhausted, she directed her servant to inform his master that she was waiting, and feared the cold weather would bring an attack of the rheumatism. The fellow proceeded to the door of the Earl's study, and delivered his message, leaving out the final letter in rheumatism.—This he had repeated three several times, at intervals, by direction of his mistress, before he could obtain an answer; at length, Kemble, roused from his subject by the importunities of the servant, replied, somewhat petulantly, "Tell your mistress I shall not come, and fellow, do you in future say, 'TAM.'"

FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN LAPLAND.

A person employed by the North Sea Company at Copenhagen to make discoveries in the most northern countries of Europe, gives the following account of the funeral ceremonies practised in Russian Lapland:—Coming (says that traveller) to the house of a native deceased, we saw the corpse taken from the bear-skins on which it lay, and removed into a wooden coffin by six of his most intimate friends, after being first wrapped in linen, the face and hands alone being bare. In one hand they put a purse with some money, to pay the fee of the porter at the gate of Paradise; and in the other, a certificate, signed by the priest, directed for St. Peter, to witness that the defunct was a good Christian, and deserved admission into Heaven. At the head of the coffin was placed a picture of St. Nicholas, a saint greatly revered in all parts of Russia on account of his supposed friendship for the dead. They also put into the coffin a rundlet of brandy, some dried fish, and rein-deer venison, that he might not starve on the road. This being done, they lighted some fir-tree

roots, piled up at a convenient distance from the coffin, and then wept, howled, and made a variety of strange gestures and contortions, expressive of the violence of their grief.

WINTER IN PARIS, IN 1823.

The English in Paris are now to be distinguished by the smart frock, or well-cut surtout, and with the corresponding liveliness of step, both strongly contrasted by the lounging, shivering gait of the Parisians, muffled up in the uncouth and unwieldy box-coat, or strutting with affected pomposity under the folds of the *quirosa* (a coat worn in compliment to the Spanish Patriot), the right wing of which is always thrown across the breast—over the left shoulder, and descending behind, displays the crimson velvet facing with which it is embroidered, while one hand peeping from under the chin, performs the duty of a clasp, derogating most lamentably from the otherwise comfortable appearance and theatrical stateliness of the mantle.

On the *Basin de la Vilette*, near the *Barrière St. Martin*, the same superior disregard of the inclemency of the season was manifested by the English, who were left undisputed masters of the field, and went through a number of beautiful evolutions upon the ice. One party executed with admirable precision several quadrilles, without making a single *faux-pas* in the intricate chain—others engraved their own initials, or G. R. upon the frozen tablet, while the more aspiring and dexterous essayed and succeeded in the spread eagle. Deterred equally by the cold and the rivalry of John Bull, not a single French skater appeared upon the *Basin* or the *Canal d'Ourcq*.

In the streets of Paris the English were not idle. The Marquis of Worcester, in a superb sledge, headed a line of at least a dozen similar machines; several French were amongst his followers, one of whom was the Duc de Guiche. Flying past the Tuilleries, up the Rue Rivoli, across the Place Louis Quinze, ascending the Champs Elysees, back again, up the Rue de la Paix, and along the Boulevards, this cortege had a picturesque and fine effect. From the centre of each car rose a species of mast, which was surrounded by a gaudy and nodding plume of feathers; the trappings of the horses by which they were drawn, studded by innumerable glittering bells, while (the pun irresistible) the *Belles* in each vehicle vied

with each other in the profusion and costliness of the furs in which they were enveloped.

SIMON MORIN THE FANATIC.

It was amidst the feasting, pleasures, and gallantry of a brilliant court; it was in times of the greatest licentiousness, that this unfortunate madman was burnt at Paris, in the year 1663. He imagined he saw visions; and carried his impiety so far as to believe he was sent from God, and that he was incorporated with Jesus Christ.

The Parliament prudently condemned him to be confined in a mad-house. What was remarkable, there happened to be in the same house another impious ideot, who called himself the Eternal Father. Simon Morin was so struck with the folly of his companion, that he saw his own, and appeared for a time to have recovered his senses. He declared his repentance to the magistrate, and, unfortunately for himself, obtained his liberty. He relapsed soon after into his former impiety and dogmatism. His unhappy destiny brought him acquainted with St Sorlin Desmarets, who for many months was his friend, and who afterwards, from a jealousy of his reputation, became his most cruel persecutor.

This Desmarets was no less a visionary than Morin. His first follies indeed were innocent. He printed the tragi-comedies of Erigone and Mirame, with the translation of the Psalms; the romance of Ariane, and the poem of Clovis, with the office of the Holy Virgin turned into verse. He also published dithyrambic poems, containing invectives against Homer and Virgil. From such follies he proceeded to others of a more serious nature. He attacked Port-Royal; and after confessing that he had converted some women to athelism, he commenced prophet. He pretended God had given him, with his own hand, the key of the Apocalypse; that with this key he would reform the whole world, and that he should command an army of a hundred and forty thousand men against the Jansenists.

It would have been very reasonable and just to have confined him with Simon Morin; but can it be believed, that he found credit with the Jésuit Annat, confessor to the king? He persuaded him, that poor Simon would establish a sect almost as dangerous as the Jansenists themselves. In short, becoming so abandoned as to turn informer, he procured an order to seize

the person of his rival, and Simon Morin was condemned to be burnt alive!

When he was led to the stake, a paper was found in one of his stockings, begging forgiveness of God for all his errors. This should have saved him, but his sentence was confirmed, and he was executed without mercy.

DUELLING.

On the borders of Austria and Turkey, where a private pique, or private quarrel of a single individual, might occasion the massacre of a family or village, the desolation of a province, and perhaps even the more extended horrors of a national war; whenever any serious dispute arises between two subjects of the different empires recourse is had to terminate it in what is called "the custom of the frontiers." A spacious plain or field is selected, whither, on an appointed day, judges of the respective nations repair, accompanied by all those whom curiosity or interest may assemble. The combatants are not restricted in the choice or number of their arms, or in their method of fighting, but each is at liberty to employ whatsoever he conceives is most advantageous to himself, and avail himself of every artifice to ensure his own safety, and destroy the life of his antagonist. One of the last times that this method of deciding a quarrel on the frontiers was resorted to, the circumstances were sufficiently curious, and the recital of them may serve to illustrate what is mentioned. The phlegmatic German, armed with the most desperate weapon in the world—a rifled pistol mounted on a carbine stock, placed himself in the middle of the field; and, conscious that he should infallibly destroy his enemy if he could once get him within shot, began coolly to smoke his pipe. The Turk, on the contrary, with a pistol on one side and a pistol on the other, two more in his holsters, two in his breast, a carbine at his back, a sabre by his side, and a dagger in his belt, advanced like a moving magazine, and, galloping round his adversary, kept incessantly firing at him. The German, conscious that little or no danger was to be apprehended from such a marksman with such weapons, deliberately continued to smoke his pipe. The Turk, at length, perceiving a sort of little explosion, as if his antagonist's pistol had missed fire, advanced like lightning to cut him down, and almost immediately was shot dead. The wily German had put some

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gunpowder into his pipe, the light of which his enemy mistook, as the other had foreseen would be the case, for a flash in the pan; and no longer fearing the superior skill and superior arms of his adversary, fell a victim to them both when seconded by artifice.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

We in the dark eclipse, with filial awe,
Trace the all-gracious Parent of the spheres.

Eulogia.

Soon after sun-set on Sunday evening the 18th ult., that part of the eastern hemisphere from which the Moon was expected to rise eclipsed became enveloped with clouds of a deep purple die, from which there emanated shades of a livid hue that diffused themselves obliquely over a vast expanse. Yet so attenuated was the veil these shades seemed to spread, that it soon appeared to be studded with stars.—Among those “burning spangles of sidereal gold” there became conspicuous, about five o’clock, Aldebaran, Betelgeuze, the glowing Capella, and the beauteous twins, Castor and Pollux. Through these vapours even Procyon arose to the view, and proud Orion showed his flaming belt; but, still

“The Queen of night,
Yet, o’er the raven plumes of darkness
shed
No placid ray.”

About a quarter past five, however, soon after the middle of the greatest obscuration, the face of the moon emerged for a minute from the dusky mist, not indeed arrayed in beauty, not beaming with smiles, but, as it were, disfigured with blood; and such

“As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams.”

At length the whole disc of the Moon, which became quite conspicuous about half-past five, assumed until six a deep copper colour, with which long black streaks for some time commingled. The spectacle now presented was indeed grand—but, it was awfully so. For a sister planet, the friend and favourite, and “ever dear companion” of our earth, which we have been accustomed to behold walking in brightness, appeared to have, all at once, exchanged the Throne of Majesty for the Pavilion of Death; whilst the Sceptre of Darkness seemed to rest on the Orb that is wont to pour forth Oceans of

Light.—This deep red colour, which is frequently visible on the Moon’s disc in the midst of a total lunar eclipse, is (as we learn from Joel, ii. 31,) expressed by “the Moon’s being turned into blood.”—This remarkable phenomenon is caused by the Sun’s lateral rays, in their passage through the dense atmosphere of the earth, being inflected into the shadow by refraction, and falling pretty copiously upon the Moon’s disc, are reflected from thence to the eye of the spectator. If the earth had no atmosphere, the Moon’s disc would then be as black as in a solar eclipse.

A little after six o’clock, when the Moon began to emerge from the earth’s shadow, the illuminated portion of her disc was rendered more beautiful by the pleasing contrast it imposingly presented between the dread inspiring hue of gloomy copper and the gladdening effulgence of living gold. At fifty-eight minutes past six, the Moon, having assumed its wonted rotundity,

“Now reigns
Full orb’d.....and with more pleasing
light

Shadowy sets off the face of things.”

“Now shine the vales, the rocks in
prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the
skies.”

We beg leave to remind our readers, that the Moon will set *totally eclipsed*, at ten minutes past 4 o’clock on the morning of the 23d of July. But there cannot be a similar lunar eclipse in the evening before the 14th of November, 1826, when the Moon will rise *totally eclipsed* about half-past four in the afternoon.

The Gatherer.

“I am but a Gatherer and disposer of
other men’s stuff.”—WOTTON.

TO A LADY AFRAID OF WASPS.

My gentle Myra tell me why,
Astonish’d from a wasp you fly,
When he around you hovers;
He does but tell, and tells you true,
How many pleasing charms in you
His piercing eye discovers.

Your cheeks disclose the peach’s bloom,
Your breath emits its sweet perfume,
And honey’s fragrant dew
Is scatter’d on your coral lip,
And this he wishes but to sip,
And taste a kiss from you.

ON A LADY FAR ADVANCED IN YEARS,
AND WHO WAS A GREAT CARD PLAYER,
HAVING MARRIED HER GARDENER.
Trumps ever ruled the charming maid,
Sure all the world must pardon her,
The destinies turned up a spade,
She married John the Gardener.

BALLAST.

Ben hired a nag, but, 'twould stumble of
course,
And by falling endanger poor Ben,
Aye, and over her bows, sir, this crazy
old horse
Would unship, and unship him again.
"Vast! there's nothing like ballast,"
said Backstay, and laughed,
So he tied to the tail of his steed
A bushel of pebbles to trim her shaft,
And prevent her from pitching ahead.

L. O.

REMARKABLE CUSTOMS.—There were formerly two customs, *fostering* and *gossiping*, peculiar to Ireland, and not known in any other nation, the remains of which are not quite abolished. The rich men sold or exchanged their children, and the poorer sort bought them. *Fostering* was considered a stronger alliance than blood, and was the cause of many strong combinations and factions. The English lords and freeholders banished their own followers by intolerable oppression; and by means of these customs they became, in one country, like the Irish, in their language, their dress, their manner of fighting, and all the customs of life. As for oppression, extortion, and other trespasses, the weaker had never any remedy against the stronger; therefore no man could enjoy his life, his wife, his lands or goods, in safety, if a greater man had an inclination to them.

Foecock, on the authority of some Arabian Historians, relates a singular usage, which prevailed amongst some tribes of Arabs, of tying a camel over the grave of the deceased, where it was left to perish without food, lest its master should suffer the disgrace of travelling on foot in the other world.

CRIME.—Villains are usually the worst casuists, and rush into greater crimes to avoid less. Henry VIII. committed murder, to avoid the imputation of adultery: and in our times, those who commit the latter crime, attempt to wash off the stain of seducing the wife, by signifying their readiness to shoot the husband.

RAISING RENT.—A farmer in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, was thus accosted by his landlord, "John I am going to raise your rent." John, replied, "Sir I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

When Roman citizens accused of any crime were summoned to appear before the Judges, both they and their relations appeared in old and soiled robes, in order to excite compassion. It was also customary for all persons to dress thus in times of public calamity.

The custom of giving thanks at meals prevailed amongst heathen nations, by offering to their Gods, a part of what they were about to eat or drink.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must once more remind our Correspondents, that no letters can be received, unless post-paid; and that all communications intended for THE MIRROR must be addressed to the Editor, and not to Mr. Limbird, who would be subjected to a very heavy tax, if he did not refuse all the unpaid letters, and consign them to the Dead Letter Office, in Lombard Street.

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